

KAIJU, NORTH DAKOTA

"Season One"

Episodes 1 - 10

Created by

J. Phillip Wilkins

1X01 - "Welcome To BioLife" - by J. Phillip Wilkins

EST. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, MOUNTAIN FACILITY - DAY

A service road winds through a forest, leads up to massive steel doors of a secure bunker at the base of a mountain.

SUPER: Somewhere In North Dakota

INT. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, INTERVIEW ROOM

In the small, featureless room, HANNAH BERLIN (30) sits across from two men in white Hazmat suits. They are DR. EBERHARD KRIMPE (50s) and LESHAWN DEMURPHY (20s). A table separates them from Hannah, file folder on top.

HANNAH

Should I be wearing one of those?

The men glance at each other. Their voices sound mechanical through their suits' com systems as they have a conversation between themselves.

EBERHARD

You want to start?

LESHAWN

Please, you're the senior member present.

EBERHARD

This could be good for you. Theory into practical application.

LESHAWN

You make a valid point. May I peruse the applicant's dossier?

EBERHARD

Of course, no need to stand on ceremony.

Leshawn grabs the file folder and flips through to the end, sets it back on the table.

LESHAWN

I believe I am familiar with the subject. I shall commence the interview.

EBERHARD

By all means, proceed.

LESHAWN
Thank you, Doctor.

Leshawn and Eberhard turn back toward Hannah and find she is gone.

They stare at the empty chair.

LESHAWN (CONT'D)
But...

EBERHARD
Where...

Seemingly out-of-nowhere, Hannah leans in between the both of them.

HANNAH
Hey.

Them men jump.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Is this going to take much longer?

EBERHARD
Please return to your seat, Ms.
Munster.

Hannah takes her seat, checks her watch.

HANNAH
You've got five seconds.

EBERHARD
Excuse me?

HANNAH
Three... two... one.

EBERHARD
Wait... I...

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Ebola got your tongue?

LESHAWN
How did you know about the ebola?

EBERHARD
Leshawn! Out. Now!

Leshawn slinks out of the room.

A second later, the door opens and another Hazmat suited person enters. This time, it's PHILIPA GACULA (30s). She sits and waits for a command.

EBERHARD
(to Philipa)
Would you like to start?

PHILIPA
Please, you're the senior member present.

EBERHARD
This could be good for you. Theory-

HANNAH
No, we're not doing this again.

Hannah gathers her messenger bag from the back of her chair.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I feel like I'm being jerked around
and I'm not having it.

Hannah walks to the door but stops short as WALDORF VAN CRIDDLE (40s) enters.

Instead of a Hazmat getup, Waldorf sports a three-piece suit of some Italian design. He takes out a pocket watch, flips it open, checks the time.

WALDORF
Perfect, Ms. Berlin. Long enough to
show patience, short enough to show
common sense when faced with
insurmountably insufferable odds.
Or is it, insufferably
insurmountable?

Philipa scurries away. Eberhard collects the interview file. He pauses next to the door.

EBERHARD
You know, every time you have me
perform these little, *machinations*,
it takes me from valuable research.
Time I will never retrieve from the
cosmos.

WALDORF
Whatever you say, egghead. Get back
to work.

Waldorf makes the "whipped" gesture with the sound effect.

Eberhard shakes his head as he exits.

Waldorf spins a chair around and straddles it. He motions for Hannah to take a seat, which she does after a pause.

WALDORF (CONT'D)

So, how's my new addition to the team?

HANNAH

I haven't taken the job yet, and from the looks of things, I'm not sure I'm what you're looking for. Maybe a border collie to herd your eggheads would be more effective.

WALDORF

Nonsense, you're exactly what we need. What you did at the Pentagon was a miracle. I want that magic right here at BioLife International.

HANNAH

Well, Mr. Van Criddle-

WALDORF

Waldorf, please.

HANNAH

With all due respect, Waldorf, what I do is not magic. It's a system of algorithms, danger protocols, chaos assessment, psychological evaluation, and game theory. All designed to streamline administrative and research initiatives, and all of which you desperately need here.

WALDORF

How right you are.

Waldorf leans in conspiratorially.

WALDORF (CONT'D)

Between you, me, and what are assuredly nano-bots recording every word, this place is in serious need of a mind plumber. Someone to clean out everyone's synapses, flush all the toxins of self-doubt that plague us here, under the mountain.

(MORE)

WALDORF (CONT'D)

It's a heavy weight on all our shoulders, especially eggheads like Doc Eberhard. But he is most assuredly not alone. Rampant paranoia is not conducive to critical thinking.

HANNAH

I agree, and in that, I can most assuredly help you.

Waldorf flips through Hannah's file.

Nothing seems to interest him as he gets near the end of the dossier when he suddenly gets excited.

WALDORF

Says here you were a champion cornholer in college.

HANNAH

Pardon me?

Waldorf points to a page in the file.

WALDORF

Right here, you led the MotherShuckers to the cornhole league championship when you were at Harvard.

HANNAH

Is that relevant?

WALDORF

Regulation or that travesty they play in sports bars?

HANNAH

I really don't remember.

WALDORF

No matter, Ms. Munchen. I believe you are perfect person to whip our little cadre of nerds into shape.

Waldorf stands, interview is over.

WALDORF

When you get settled in, come see me. There's a very important issue I need to discuss with you.

HANNAH
Protocol breach?

WALDORF
Huh? No. Tomorrow night is our
Cornhole League.

Hannah gives him the first of many non-plussed stares.

1X02 - "The Roommate" - by J. Phillip Wilkins

EST. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, MOUNTAIN FACILITY - NIGHT

A service road winds through a forest, leads up to massive steel doors at the base of a mountain.

An owl darts from the trees. A machine gun turret pops up from its hiding place in the ground and shoots the bird out of the air, then conceals itself.

SUPER: Somewhere In North Dakota

INT. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, HANNAH'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hannah Berlin enters a utilitarian, two-person dorm room. Her bags await her attention on one of the beds.

Her half of the room is devoid of any decoration, while the other half is covered in posters and knickknacks.

Hannah strolls over to the cluttered half of her dwelling and checks out the posters that cover the walls and ceiling, mostly motivational quotes over soothing images of kittens, and sunsets. Other posters feature random celebrities like Rip Torn, Lee Majors, and Greg Evigan. They all seem to be autographed in gold pen.

Hannah runs her fingertips over the array of snow globes on every surface. A vanity mirror stands over her roomie's desk, make-up strewn on top.

She picks up an ornate perfume bottle and sniffs at it just as TYNDER VAN CRIDDLE (20s) enters the room.

Hannah quickly replaces the perfume bottle and moves to her side of the room, busies herself with unpacking her bags.

Tynder goes to her make-up desk, moves the perfume bottle back to its original position, then kisses her hand and touches it to the mouth of Greg Evigan.

After a deep breath, she turns to Hannah.

TYNDER

When Dr. Wombatt said I was getting a new roomie, I didn't realize she would be so beautiful.

The introduction comes off as slightly sarcastic.

HANNAH

Oh, wow, that's so nice of you.

Hannah sorts through her bags, there's some things missing.

TYNDER

I know. Dr. Wombatt says I tend to internalize when I should personalize.

Tynder performs a clumsy pirouette.

HANNAH

Wow, that's, um... I have such a talented roomie. How long did it take you to learn that?

TYNDER

Only one year!

She tries another and almost falls down. Hannah moves to her and lends a supportive arm.

TYNDER (CONT'D)

Oh my. Dr. Wombatt says touching comes later, much later.

HANNAH

I'm sorry. It looked like you were about to-

TYNDER

Oh I don't mind. Not at all.

Hannah glances up at the posters, she finally notices one with Martina Navratilova in mid-volley.

HANNAH

We roomies have to look out for each other. Don't want to have to resuscitate you on my first day.

TYNDER
So, do you have a boyfriend?

HANNAH
Well-

TYNDER
Are you two in loooooooooove?

HANNAH
I moved to this godforsaken place,
so that should give you some idea
about my romantic life.

TYNDER
Oh no. Did you smile enough? Dr.
Wombatt says a woman's smile is the
cleavage of the face.

A BELL sound rings out and the door slides open. TECHNICIAN
CLEAVUS (30s) barges in.

He counts Hannah's bags and writes on a clipboard.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(to Cleavus)
I seem to be missing quite a bit of
gear. Any idea where it is?

Cleavus looks at Tynder with the "Who the heck does she think
she is?" look.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS
Uh, I'm not in charge of bags.
You're thinking of those guys that
work at the bus station. I'm a
highly trained, certified
conveyance and storage technician,
Level 9.

HANNAH
That sounds like you're in charge
of moving baggage around.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS
I mean, sure, that's part of it.
But it's not the entirety of what I
do or who I am. Yes, I occasionally
move baggage from rooms into
different rooms.

(MORE)

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS (CONT'D)

But I also move boxes, and chairs,
and desks, and once in a while, Dr.
Wombatt's weird leather swing he
has in his room that's really
slippery all the time.

HANNAH

I didn't mean to-

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS

Imply I was a glorified baggage
handler? Of course you didn't.
(sotto) They never do.

HANNAH

Those guys make great tips.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS

Huh?

HANNAH

Baggage handlers. They root through
the bags and take all the good
stuff.

Cleavus looks like he's been struck in the face with a dead
fish.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS

I have never been insulted like
that in all my life.

HANNAH

(sotto)

You should get out more.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS

To even suggest that I... would
even think about...

He looks at Tynder and shrugs, exasperated.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS (CONT'D)

Tynder, have a nice day.

He turns on his heel and exits.

HANNAH

I hope I didn't hurt his feelings.
I have a strange sense of humor.

TYNDER

I noticed.

Tynder sits down at her vanity and wipes the day's make-up off.

Hannah feels bad, realizes she must explain herself for the sake of the roomie relationship.

HANNAH

Listen, sometimes I can come off a bit Alpha, ya know? It comes from working around the military, and probably my drill sergeant dad and my child behaviorist mon. Growing up was a cocktail of rules and regulations, so, surprise! I've spent the majority of my adult life doing exactly that. I'm sorry if I came off a bit harsh, it might take me time to fit in here, and I could really use your help.

Tynder considers.

TYNDER

Very well. We're friends again. I can't really stay mad at my room sister.

Tynder stands and gives Hannah a bear hug.

Over her shoulder, Hannah scans the posters, zeroes-in on Greg Evigan.

HANNAH

I see B.J., where's the bear?

Tynder pulls away, a sullen shadow falls over her face.

The room lights flicker on and off before fading back to brightness.

TYNDER

I'm afraid I have no idea what you are talking about.

HANNAH

The show, B.J. and the-

Tynder plugs her ears and does the "LA-LA-LA-LA-LA" sound.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Sorry. I just figured-

TYNDER

Yes, most make that mistake.

HANNAH

You must have seen My Two Da-

Again, she plugs her ears.

TYNDER

Nononononononononono.

Hannah gives up, throws clothes in her dresser.

TYNDER (CONT'D)

There is a certain milieu of Mr. Evigan's work that I am not familiar with. I prefer to remember his seminal role as Greg from the 1978 masterpiece, A Year At The Top. Everything after it pales in comparison, or so I choose to believe.

HANNAH

His character's name was Greg? Not very creative.

TYNDER

And yet, his turn as the Faustian anti-hero is one of the greatest performances television has ever seen.

Hannah can't quite tell if she is being profoundly earnest, or pranking her.

HANNAH

Better than Larry from Three's Company?

TYNDER

A glorified pervert who no doubt spread a record number of lust lesions around a sadly not-so-fictional Santa Monica. I'm sure it was a simple case of type-casting from what I've read.

HANNAH

Too Close For Comfort?

TYNDER

An infantile man uses a demonic familiar to create cartoons of dubious nature? With a pair of promiscuous daughters and the doorman from the gates of Sodom?

HANNAH
Have you seen Breaking Bad?

Tynder's blank stare answers that question.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Well, Tynder, I admire your
dedication to the boob tube.

For a moment, Tynder softens.

TYNDER
My dad thinks I'm weird. He calls
me Allison for some reason, even
though he knows my name.

Hannah thinks for a moment.

HANNAH
Have you seen The Breakfast Club?

TYNDER
The what?

HANNAH
Nothing.

Hannah itches her head before throwing the last of her
belongings into a drawer. She lays down on her bed. Above her
on the ceiling is a poster of Bill Cosby she hadn't noticed
before.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(sotto)
What the fu-.

1X03 - "The Boss" - by J. Phillip Wilkins

EST. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, MOUNTAIN FACILITY - DAY

A service road winds through a forest, leads up to massive
steel doors at the base of a mountain.

Dozens of dead birds litter the driveway.

SUPER: Somewhere In North Dakota

INT. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Hannah Berlin sits across from BioLife's CEO Waldorf Van Criddle.

Waldorf is dressed in a bowling shirt with his name sewed into the breast pocket.

The office is as sparse as every other room Hannah has seen, except for two things: a clearly Photoshopped photo of Tynder Van Criddle kissing Greg Evigan on the desk, and a poster announcing a company event called "Cornhole" on the back wall.

WALDORF

Well? What do you think?

HANNAH

Cornhole.

WALDORF

Yes! The high stakes game of physical coordination, geometry and pure guts.

HANNAH

I'm aware.

WALDORF

You throw a bean bag into a hole.

HANNAH

Are you sure? I've heard that term used differently.

WALDORF

There was some confusion at the first meeting, but that's all been sorted.

HANNAH

And you have a company-wide league for this... game?

WALDORF

Oh yes. We do battle every Friday night. I'm captain of Executive Level One. Eberhard leads his team of bio-engineers from Level Three. Let's see, there's Level Six with the animal behaviorists, Level Five has the robotics nerds.

HANNAH

And this is relevant, how?

WALDORF

It's been a wonderful team-building exercise. Our graphic design department has had so much fun with the posters and announcements.

Waldorf directs her attention to the poster. There's a clip-art illustration of a 1950s bowler with the bowling ball replaced by a corn cob.

At the top is CORNHOLE in large letters, with "This Friday At 7PM" underneath.

At the bottom of the poster, in very small letters, is "It's Not What You Think!"

HANNAH

I'm not really into the whole motivational speaker thing. I affect change through protocol and administrative efficiency.

WALDORF

Really? It said in your profile you were debate team leader at Harvard.

HANNAH

That was ages ago, and giving ra-ra speeches is more improvisation than critical thinking. I tend to not be overly emotional.

WALDORF

Oh dear.

He paces around the tiny room, considers what she's said.

WALDORF (CONT'D)

We've been having a terrible time. The Geology nerds on Level 8 are destroying us. We're dead last in the league.

HANNAH

Have you tried practicing?

WALDORF

You mean, play the game outside of the tournament?

HANNAH

Yeah.

WALDORF

Just for fun.

HANNAH

Yes.

This concept seems to stun Waldorf. He sits down heavily.

WALDORF

I guess the repetition would
somehow make us better at throwing
bean bags into holes.

HANNAH

As I understand it, that's how
practicing works.

WALDORF

Trial and error. Muscle memory.
Experimentation. My God, that could
work.

Hannah isn't quite sure he's not being sarcastic.

HANNAH

You really hadn't thought of it?

WALDORF

That's what we pay you the big
bucks for, Hannah.

Waldorf hits a button on the phone.

WALDORF (CONT'D)

Sally? Would you be a dear and send
a memo and CC the Level 1 team?
Tell them to drop everything and
meet me at the recreation center in
one hour.

The lights flicker on and off before fading back to
brightness.

HANNAH

That happened last night.

WALDORF

Nothing to worry about. We've been
having some power fluctuations
lately. The eggheads are on it.

HANNAH
Good to know.

They stare at each other for a moment.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
So, where's my office? I'd like to
get set-up and begin establishing
baselines.

WALDORF
Your office?

HANNAH
Yes. I get one, don't I? Some of
the science is proprietary.

WALDORF
Of course. Silly me.

Waldorf stands, grabs the photo of his daughter, and heads
for the door.

When he opens it, a technician is busy installing a HANNAH
BERLIN nameplate on the outside.

WALDORF (CONT'D)
It all yours. See you later.

HANNAH
Later?

WALDORF
And welcome to Cornhole League
Level One. You'll be our, what is
it they say, ringer! Ta-ta.

She looks around the small room, moves to her chair, and
plops down.

The technician finishes the job, wipes the plaque.

TECHNICIAN WALLY
She's all yours Ms. Berlin. If you
need to know anything about your
office, lemme know.

She looks around at it again.

HANNAH
I think I got it.

Wally tips his cap, closes the door.

Hannah sits for a moment, takes it all in. She closes her eyes, lets her head fall back, breathes deeply.

Her reverie is interrupted by a knock at the door. Before she can answer, it bursts open.

More technicians stream in and out, way more than should be able to fit in the room. Each one leaves a computer case behind.

A technician holds out a clipboard and pen for Hannah to sign.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS

That should be everything, Ms.
Berlin. Just sign here.

Hannah grabs the pen, doesn't realize it's attached to the clipboard by a literal shoestring. She almost pulls the clipboard out of his hand.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS (CONT'D)

These things have a way of walking
off on their own.

Hannah chuckles, Cleavus does not.

He checks the signature, then looks at Hannah. Checks it again, then looks again. He nods and exits.

The stacks of cases fill the last available space in the office.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Guys? GUYS!

1X04 - "The Ballad of Neil & Rusty" - by J. Phillip Wilkins

EST. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, MOUNTAIN FACILITY - DAY

A service road winds through a forest, leads up to massive steel doors at the base of a mountain.

Technician Philipa sweeps the driveway. One of the concealed machine gun turrets raises and aims at her. She stops sweeping, looks up at a security camera.

SUPER: Somewhere In North Dakota

INT. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, LEVEL 2, SECURITY - CONTINUOUS

A pair of security techs watch Philipa flip them the bird on a security monitor.

NEIL (20s) a stoner who's quite possibly a close relative to Jeff Spicoli, watches RUSTY (50s) laugh so hard he starts to cough.

When he regains his composure, Rusty hits a key on a computer keyboard to conceal the machine gun turret.

RUSTY

Some people can't take a joke.

NEIL

That was really harsh, bro.

RUSTY

Whatever you say, *bro*.

Neil rolls his eyes, returns to filling out an incident report.

NEIL

That shit will come back to you, man. Karma's the kind of woman that'll fuck you up if you're not careful.

RUSTY

Like Lorena Bobbitt.

NEIL

Who?

RUSTY

You know, the woman who cut off her hubby's crank 'cause she caught him cheating on her. Ran off with the damn thing and threw it in some bushes.

NEIL

Dude.

RUSTY

Oh yeah. But get this, the poor bastard found it!

NEIL

No way.

RUSTY

Way. They sewed that son-of-a-bitch back on.

NEIL

Dude, no way!

RUSTY

Way!

NEIL

What'd it look like?

Rusty gives him a look.

RUSTY

Jesus, like I wanted to see that shit?

There's a pause, Neil waits...

RUSTY (CONT'D)

Man, it was fucked up. Had this Frankenstein scar around it.

NEIL

Ahhhh, gnarly!

RUSTY

Fuckin'-A.

They take a moment to contemplate the Frankenpenis.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

You're thinking about it, aren't you?

NEIL

Dude, I can't get it out of my head! I'm picturing it all green, with bolts on either side of his nutsack.

RUSTY

Shit, don't put that in my brain.

They fall silent again, visions of Frankenpenises dance through their heads.

RUSTY & NEIL

Ewwwwww.

Technician Cleavus barges in to the security office. We see for the first time that the room is insanely small. Cleavus has to squeeze in just to close the door.

Neil and Rusty sit at crotch level with Cleavus. They look at the front of his pants, then at each other.

Neil takes out a Zippo lighter, flicks it on and holds the flame up to Cleavus' pants.

NEIL
(monster voice)
Fire! Argh! Nggggg!

The flame touches Cleavus' pants and leaves a black mark.

Cleavus frantically brushes the flame away.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS
Are you out of your goddam mind?

Rusty and Neil choke on their laughs.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS (CONT'D)
You security rats think you're so
damn better than the rest of us.

Rusty becomes incensed, stands up and gets in Cleavus' face.

RUSTY
You glorified bellhop! Who do you
think you are? I know who we are.
We're the last line of defense
against the horrors that will most
assuredly creep out of the hyborean
black heart at the center of this
cursed mountain. And when you're
filling your diapers because some
stygian nightmare has you by the
family jewels, you'll wish you had
been kinder to us. Believe me, when
the blasphemous boffins finally
stick their collective dicks in
God's eye, the gates of Hell will
swing wide, the demonic hordes will
pour out, and the skullfuckery
shall commence 'til your ruined
mouth croaks out, "Rusty! Help me,
Rusty!"

Cleavus is shaken, blood drains from his face.

Neil is similarly stunned, then jerks away from Cleavus' crotch when he sees a small pee stain.

Rusty is suddenly pleasant, a genuine smile on his face.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Is there anything we can do for
you, Technician First Grade
Cleavus?

Cleavus holds out his clipboard and pen.

Rusty signs the document.

Cleavus turns to leave, Rusty stops him.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
One second, Cleavus.

Rusty opens a drawer, bangs his knee, takes out a pair of
scissors and cuts the shoestring that is attached to Cleavus'
pen.

He holds the pen, lets the shoestring dangle. The mute insult
sends Cleavus out the door, chin trembling, tears forming.

The door closes, Rusty plops down in his chair.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Some people, am I right?

NEIL
Dude, what is up with you today?

RUSTY
What.

NEIL
I'm just saying, you're rolled
tighter than a spliff.

Rusty gets serious for a moment.

RUSTY
My wife left me. Took everything. I
got nuthin' to go back to after
this. I fear the crushing
loneliness, Neil.

NEIL
Shit, bro, I didn't realize, I'm
sorr-

RUSTY
You pineapple. I'm fucking with
you. Jesus.

Rusty brings the driveway security feed up. They watch Cleavus walk to a lone folding chair, sit down and light up a cigarette with shaky hands.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Suck on this, you doomed bastard.

NEIL
Dude.

Rusty hits a button and the machine gun turret raises.

Cleavus chokes on the smoke and ducks for cover. When he realizes it's a prank, he starts yelling at the camera.

Rusty hits another button and bullets pepper the ground around Cleavus' feet.

RUSTY
Dance, piss pants, dance!

Cleavus falls to his knees, cradles his head in his hands.

RUSTY
That's right, fucker. Bow to your masters.

NEIL
You're fucked, bro.

RUSTY
Yeah, but I'm the king of the fucked. Don't you ever forget that.

1X05 - "Three Tons Of Shit In A Two Pound Office" - by J. Phillip Wilkins

EST. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, MOUNTAIN FACILITY - DAY

A service road winds through a forest, leads up to massive steel doors at the base of a mountain.

Technician Wally sweeps up a massive pile of cigarette butts around a lone folding chair.

A machine gun turret raises and then lowers behind him.

He turns but doesn't see anything.

The turret raises and lowers again, the technician whips around and doesn't see anything.

The turret raises again, this time the technician is ready. He turns and runs to it, brandishing his broom like a weapon.

The turret lowers before he can get to it. The tech releases his frustration by jumping up and down on the spot where the turret is concealed.

SUPER: Somewhere In North Dakota

INT. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, HANNAH'S OFFICE

Hannah finishes setting up her gear. Every square-inch is covered in computer equipment which is connected wirelessly to a keyboard and translucent screen that hovers over her desk.

She barely has enough room to move. Every time she goes to type, her elbows bang into something.

HANNAH
This is ridiculous.

She hits a button on her desk phone.

SALLY
Yes, Ms. Hamburg?

HANNAH
Berlin.

SALLY
Where?

HANNAH
It's Berlin, not Hamburg.

SALLY
I think both exist.

HANNAH
Not as my name, though.

SALLY
Ha, oh yes. I know the difference,
Ms. Hamburg.

HANNAH

It's... nevermind. I wonder if you
could get me a bigger office. Maybe
something more akin to a
laboratory?

There's a pause, then a sigh.

SALLY

(sotto)

Oh dear. Oh dear, oh dear.

Sally MUFFLES the phone, but Hannah can still hear her.

SALLY (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

More sounds of phone juggling.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I'll see what I can do, Ms.
Hamburg. I'll have to call Level 9
and get an acquisition request.
Then there's the sign-off from
Security on Level 2. Then the
engineering corps, who-boy they're
hard to get a hold of.

It's Hannah's turn to muffle the phone.

HANNAH

(sotto)

Are you shitting me? What is up
with this place?

SALLY

Oh dear.

HANNAH

What's that?

SALLY

I could hear you. (BEAT) Does that
mean you could hear me?

HANNAH

It's ok, Sally.

SALLY

Oh, lordy. I do that with everyone,
even Mr. Van Cripple.

HANNAH
Criddle.

SALLY
No thank you.

Hannah waits while Sally frets.

HANNAH
Sally? Are we good? Can you push
that acquisition through?

SALLY
Yes, Ms. Hamburg. Right away, Ms.
Hamburg.

CLICK!

Almost immediately, Technician Cleavus tries to barge into
the office.

The door hits a stack of gear cases. A loud OUCH! gives
testimony to Cleavus whacking his nose on the door.

He squeezes through the opening and through the stacks of
boxes.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS
What on God's green earth?

He looks around at the computer equipment crowding the space.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS (CONT'D)
What the heck is going on here?
What is... I don't...

He retrieves a walkie-talkie.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS (CONT'D)
(engages walkie)
Wally? You there?

STATIC.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS (CONT'D)
Wally! Come back.

STATIC. Cleavus turns his back to Hannah for a little
privacy.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS (CONT'D)

(loud whisper)

Dammit, Wally, if you're up in the spot, so help me, I'll send Rusty over to say "Hello".

The walkie SQAWKS.

TECHNICIAN WALLY

Wally here. Just grabbing, uh, a coffee at the, uh, cafeteria.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS

What's going on in 4-236?

TECHNICIAN WALLY

4-236... 4-236...

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS

Berlin's lab.

TECHNICIAN WALLY

I know! I would've gotten it.

Hannah suddenly appears directly behind Cleavus. In the cramped office, they are pressed up against each other.

Cleavus jumps an inch to the right and bangs into some cases just as the power flickers off and on.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS

Christ on a scooter, woman!

TECHNICIAN WALLY

You ok, Cleavus? Did you see the Wookalar again? Please say you didn't see it.

Cleavus gives Hannah the "Don't mind him, he's nuts" look.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS

That's ixnay on the larway.

TECHNICIAN WALLY

Oh thank God. I was about to-

Cleavus turns the walkie off.

HANNAH

I have so many questions, two of which are, what is a Wookalar and, I have a lab?

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS

The Wookalar thing is a story we made up to scare the new recruits.

HANNAH

How long has Wally been here?

Cleavus hesitates.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS

Twelve years.

HANNAH

So, it's basically a real thing.

Another hesitation.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS

Yeah, kind of, not really, no one knows. Just don't go walking around Level 11 after hours.

HANNAH

I thought there were only ten levels.

Cleavus immediately realizes he's opened his big dumb mouth.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS

Right, did I say eleven? Haha, no, I misspoke. Anyway, let's discuss your lab and why you're not using it.

HANNAH

I thought I *was*.

Cleavus walks over to the back wall of the office. He takes down the Cornhole poster to reveal a security keypad with handprint scanner.

He punches in a code and the back wall slides away to reveal a spacious workspace.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Christ on a scooter.

1X06 - "Never Forget" - by J. Phillip Wilkins

EST. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, MOUNTAIN FACILITY - DAY

A service road winds through a forest, leads up to massive steel doors at the base of a mountain.

A chipmunk dashes across the driveway as the machine gun turret unloads at it.

The chipmunk weaves erratically, the turret can't get a fix and is always a step behind. It disengages when the chipmunk disappears into the woods.

The turret rests, smoke rises from the barrel.

A gloopy bird shit SPLATS! on the top of the turret, sends it into a firing frenzy up at the sky.

SUPER: Somewhere In North Dakota

INT. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, BREAK ROOM

Hannah, barely awake, walks in with an empty coffee cup, goes right to the coffee maker. She checks the coffee pot and finds it empty.

HANNAH

(sotto)

Inconsiderate assholes. Guess I
shouldn't expect anything more at
2am.

She goes through the ritual of making a new pot.

Once the coffee is brewing, she turns around and leans against the counter, finally sees...

Everyone we've met so far is jammed to one end of the break room in a half-circle around a gaudy birthday cake.

On the other side is Waldorf Van Criddle. He stares at his gold pocket watch.

WALDORF

Ah, Ms. Berlin.

Hannah looks down at her ratty yoga pants and Harvard Debate Team sweatshirt. The others wear suits or cocktail dresses, Waldorf is the only one in an all-white tuxedo.

HANNAH
What's happening?

WALDORF
Good of you to join us. You're just
in time for the presentation. (to
Sally) Lights?

Sally hits the light switch off and presses play on a DVD
player. A movie pops up on a large TV.

Cleavus and Wally hang together.

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS
(whispers to Wally)
Jesus, is this even BluRay?

TECHNICIAN WALLY
I think the motion smoothing is on.
Christ, I'm gettin' sea sick.

Waldorf shoots them a look.

On the TV they watch what appears to be a newsreel about a
battle between the military and a gigantic monster.

NARRATOR
(from TV)
May 7th, two thousand and-
(garbled), a day that will live in
infamy as our brave boys in black
defended the Earth from its
greatest threat.

Leshawn and Eberhard stand together.

LESHAWN
Those are some of the worst special
effects i've ever seen.

EBERHARD
It's all too real, Leshawn.

LESHAWN
Riiiiiiight.

Hannah notices the soldiers are dressed in black gear with an
odd insignia and carry some sort of advanced rifle that
shoots lightning ray beams.

NARRATOR

The soldiers from Section Z fought valiantly, beating back the (garbled) menace, finally subduing the raging beast.

The film shows soldiers plant a flag with the same odd insignia into the creature's spine, then salute and wave at the camera.

HANNAH

(to Sally)

What is this?

SALLY

The Battle Of North Dakota.

HANNAH

Who made this?

SALLY

What do you mean?

HANNAH

Who directed it? James Cameron?

SALLY

Who?

HANNAH

Why is everyone in the break room watching a science fiction film at 2 o'clock in the morning?

Sally is very confused.

SALLY

Science fiction? This really happened.

HANNAH

Fuck off.

SALLY

I beg your pardon, but this is the sole reason we are all here. To make sure it never happens.

Hannah waits for Sally to finish the sentence.

HANNAH

Again.

SALLY

That too.

The film shifts to a scene with the creature on a massive steel platform. Pylons around the platform charge and then release beams of light. They seem to disintegrate the creature until it disappears completely.

NARRATOR

Thanks to the ground-breaking technology from BioLife International and its leader, Waldorf Van Criddle, the (garbled) was sent back to whatever hell it sprang from.

The film shows Waldorf at a podium, accepting a crystal statue in the likeness of the creature.

Waldorf has clearly seen this film many times as he mouths along with the dialogue.

WALDORF

(from the film)

I do not accept this on behalf of myself but on behalf of the human race I so graciously saved with my awesome laser beam thing. May we never have to face such a scary monster again. Refreshments and cocktails are on the south lawn.

The film ends with Steely Dan's "Kid Charlemagne" over the credits.

The gathered take out small candles. Sally goes around the room lighting them, then lights the "5" and "0" candles on the birthday cake.

WALDORF (CONT'D)

And now, we bow our heads in remembrance of the brave men (glances at Philipa) and women who lost their lives on this very mountain. May they rest in peace, and never know their own future again.

Waldorf nods at Sally who flicks on the lights.

WALDORF (CONT'D)

Sally tells me it's an ice cream cake this year.

A few groans from the gathered.

WALDORF (CONT'D)
Really? Who doesn't like ice cream cake?

RUSTY
Communists!

WALDORF
Exactly! I'll be checking who doesn't eat one.

Sally slices up a piece for everyone.

Neil rubs his belly, makes a face at the melting cake.

RUSTY
Eat up, hippie.

NEIL
Karma's commin' for ya, Rusty.

RUSTY
Only if I ask her nice.

Hannah walks up to Waldorf who has a massive scoop of cake in his mouth.

HANNAH
What was that all that?

WALDORF
A quiet part of American history, Ms. Berlin. When you became an employee of BioLife and specifically this facility, you signed a non-disclosure agreement as part of your contract. Any violation is an act of treason punishable by death.

HANNAH
What does that have to do with a science fiction movie?

The others stop eating and stare.

WALDORF
Because, Ms. Berlin, the horrors that lurk in the folds of the darkest reaches of space have found us.

(MORE)

WALDORF (CONT'D)

We are the elusive, delicious raisin in the off-brand cereal that is the cosmos. The creature was only the beginning, a tentative poke to see if we're alive, and dangerous. For now we've proven we're not going to be dominated that easily. What creeps out of the universe next, well, one can only guess, and be prepared. That is why we are all here, to prepare, to anticipate, and to fight. Are you one of us, Ms. Berlin? Are you a soldier in this war against the void?

Everyone awaits her answer.

HANNAH

As long as there's cake, I guess I'm in.

The crowd exhales and claps.

WALDORF

Excellent! Red velvet okay for next year?

HANNAH

How about cheesecake?

Neil's stomach GURGLES.

WALDORF

Done!

1X07 - "League Night" - by J. Phillip Wilkins

EST. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, MOUNTAIN FACILITY - DAY

A service road winds through a forest, leads up to massive steel doors at the base of a mountain.

Tamara sits on the folding chair. The machine gun turret raises up, lifts Tamara with it.

The turret swivels, looks for something, then lowers.

SUPER: Somewhere In North Dakota

INT. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, REC ROOM

Cornhole league night is in full swing. Two teams face off against one another. Level 2 Security made up of Rusty, Neil, TAMARA (20s), and ROCHELLE (30s). Level 1 Executives made up of Waldorf, Sally, Tynder, and Hannah.

WALDORF

How 'bout a few warm-up throws,
Hannah?

HANNAH

Couldn't hurt.

Hannah tosses a bean bag expertly into the hole on the elevated wooden plank.

Waldorf is delighted and begins the trash talk.

WALDORF

Oh yeah! You're gonna take it right
in the keister, losers!

Hannah nails another one.

WALDORF (CONT'D)

In your face, Neil!

NEIL

Dude, we haven't even started yet.

WALDORF

That's just a taste of the serious
cornholing you're gonna get.

Neil leans in to Rusty.

NEIL

He still doesn't know, does he?

RUSTY

It's funnier that he doesn't.

Hannah finishes warming up. The two teams gather in front of Technician Wally who's dressed in a referee's black and white striped shirt with a faded "Foot Locker" logo on the breast pocket.

He blows his whistle, even though everyone is already standing at attention.

TECHNICIAN WALLY

Ok, listen up. This is the semi-final match between Level 1 and Level 2. Winner meets Level 8 in the final for the whole enchilada.

RUSTY

Those ass monkeys won? Jesus, this thing is fixed.

Wally blows the whistle.

TECHNICIAN WALLY

That's enough outta you, Rusty. I'll have no disparagement of the cornhole league. Not on my watch.

ROCHELLE

You tell 'em, Wally!

She winks at Wally who blushes.

TECHNICIAN WALLY

Ok, so, I've received your team line-ups. Everything seems above board.

Rusty COUGHS the word "Ringer". Wally responds with an overzealous blow of his whistle.

TECHNICIAN WALLY (CONT'D)

One more outburst and that's a point deducted.

Rusty is about to say something, Wally holds his whistle up.

TECHNICIAN WALLY (CONT'D)

Don't test me, Rusty.

RUSTY

You'll have to smoke *sometime*.

Wally blasts the whistle.

WALDORF

Enough! I don't have all day for these shenanigans. Let's cornhole!

Everyone giggles.

WALDORF (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Children.

A cheesy cornhole montage leads to...

Tamara misses her toss badly. Waldorf gets right in her face.

WALDORF

I hope you're better at
transporting hazard materials than
you are at this, 'cause you
suuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!

Tamara gives him the "WTF?!" look and backs away to her group.

TECHNICIAN WALLY

That embarrassing effort leaves
Security only up by two. Next up,
Hannah. Three tosses. Two to tie,
three to win and move on to the
league championship final.

Hannah is about to toss the bean bag when Wally blows the whistle. She almost loses control of the bag but grabs it back in mid-air.

HANNAH

What the hell, Wally!

RUSTY

Foul! I call foul! That counts as a
throw.

WALDORF

Oh no, Wally! Players are allowed
one error a game.

RUSTY

Error? That was a mickey fickey
throw.

TECHNICIAN WALLY

I have to agree with Rusty. It did
look like a throw.

Waldorf moves over to Wally and whispers in his ear.

TECHNICIAN WALLY (CONT'D)

On further examination, it was
clearly an error, not a foul. I
award a do-over to Ms. Berlin. Play
bag!

He blows the whistle, Hannah lines up her toss.

She sends the bag flying and it goes in.

SALLY
Nothing but hole.

Waldorf pumps his fist in Level 2's faces.

RUSTY
Lucky shot.

Hannah lines up her second shot and let's it fly.

It looks to be slightly off target. She twists her body and it seems to do the trick. The bag goes through after hitting off the side of the hole.

Level 2 expresses a group "Awwwww".

Waldorf is ecstatic. He dances around.

WALDORF
Who let the bags out, Woof, Woof
Woof!

RUSTY
That doesn't make any sense.

WALDORF
Or does it make so much sense,
you're tiny brain can't handle it?

RUSTY
Whatever.

Hannah tosses the third bag between her hands, sizes up the last throw.

Waldorf sidles up next to her.

WALDORF
No pressure, Ms. Berlin. This could
be the most important moment in
your entire life. Past, present,
and future.

RUSTY
No coaching before a toss!

Wally blows his whistle. Waldorf backs off.

WALDORF
Ok, ok.

TYNDER
You got this, Hannah. Think of how
proud Greg would be.

WALDORF

Christ, Allison, enough already.

Hannah takes a few practice motions.

Neil leans in to Rusty.

NEIL

Is your heart racing? My heart is racing. Could be the Molly.

Rusty mumbles under his breath.

RUSTY

Toss, bagger bagger, toss bagger bagger...

Just as Hannah throws the bag underhand.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

Toss!

It looks as if his distraction may have worked as the bag seems to sail in a much higher arch than usual.

It hangs in the air for an eternity. Everyone watches as the bag falls, hits the edge of the hole, swirls around and finally drops in.

Waldorf runs over, bends down and puts Hannah on his shoulders. He prances around with her.

WALLY

Level 1, winner!

Rusty grabs Neil by the arm and tries to pull him to the exit.

NEIL

Don't be a spoil sport, Rus.

RUSTY

I made all of my shots, I deserve to go to the championship.

NEIL

It's just a game, dude.

RUSTY

Said the hippie commie.

NEIL

That's harsh, bro.

Rusty storms off.

Neil joins the celebration.

1X08 - "Eggheads On Parade" - by J. Phillip Wilkins

EST. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, MOUNTAIN FACILITY - DAY

A service road winds through a forest, leads up to massive steel doors at the base of a mountain.

A technician walks across the driveway. The machine gun turret rises.

A group of technicians rush in from their hiding place and assault the turret.

SUPER: Somewhere In North Dakota

INT. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, LEVEL 10 LAB

A science lab with myriad computer terminals and testing equipment. Still, for a fully operational research lab, it's a small room.

At a cramped high-top table, Leshawn watches Dr. Eberhard peer into a microscope.

LESHAWN

Lemme see.

DR. EBERHARD

Leshawn, please.

LESHAWN

You're hogging it.

Eberhard disengages from the microscope.

DR. EBERHARD

I hold degrees from M.I.T., the Copenhagen Institute of Non-Euclidian Studies, and a B.A. in creative writing from Arkham Polytechnic. All of which means, I get first dibsies.

LESHAWN
I went to M.I.T., too.

DR. EBERHARD
Did your egg break?

LESHAWN
What does that have to do with
anything?

DR. EBERHARD
Did. It. Break?

Leshawn fidgets in his seat.

LESHAWN
There was some minor damage to the
calcium carbonate.

DR. EBERHARD
Like I said, first dibsies.

Eberhard grabs a new slide for the microscope and peers in.

LESHAWN
You could at least give me a play-
by-play.

Eberhard's eyes go wide, he sees something incredible.

LESHAWN (CONT'D)
What?

Eberhard continues to stare in awe.

LESHAWN (CONT'D)
Come on, man. Lemme see.

Without taking his eyes off the microscope...

DR. EBERHARD
Mein Gott. It's... it's...

LESHAWN
Ohmygodlemmese!

Eberhard finally leans back, swivels the microscope toward
Leshawn who leans in and takes a look expecting to see the
wonders of the world.

Instead, he frowns.

LESHAWN (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?

DR. EBERHARD
What does it look like?

Leshawn takes another peek.

LESHAWN
It looks like a butt.

DR. EBERHARD
Are you sure?

LESHAWN
Yeah. A pasty white, hairy-ass butt.

DR. EBERHARD
Are you *quite* sure? Take another look.

Leshawn stares into the microscope.

LESHAWN
I can definitely confirm, this is someone's ass. Who is this? *What* is this?

Eberhard is quiet.

LESHAWN (CONT'D)
Doctor? Doc?

Leshawn leans back and sees Eberhard standing to the side, pants down around his ankles, his pasty white ass glowing in the fluorescent light.

LESHAWN (CONT'D)
Awww, shit. Come on, man.

He shields his eyes from the hideous sight.

DR. EBERHARD
Look upon my cheeks, Leshawn, and despair, for I am Assymandius!

LESHAWN
Dude, you can't afford another complaint to H.R. What am I, like your eighth assistant in two years?

Eberhard pulls up his trousers and sits down at the table.

EBERHARD
Oh, pish-posh, my dear boy. It was a harmless joke. What is it called?
(MORE)

EBERHARD (CONT'D)

Hazing? A little welcome to the team.

LESHAWN

We are the team.

DR. EBERHARD

Exactly, all the more reason to stick together. Our individual quirks, idiosyncrasies, and sense of humor should be celebrated.

LESHAWN

Is it possible to involve less nudity?

DR. EBERHARD

Don't be such a prude, Leshawn. The human body is a masterwork of the universe. An improbable mingling of cosmic dust, psychic energy, and the collective DNA of our ancestral forbearers.

LESHAWN

None of what you said makes me feel better about your pasty white ass.

DR. EBERHARD

Let me make it up to you.

Eberhard replaces the slide with one from a locked, red box.

He rotates the microscope toward Leshawn.

DR. EBERHARD (CONT'D)

This is why we're all here.

Leshawn hesitates.

LESHAWN

This better not be your-

DR. EBERHARD

Please, Leshawn. This is serious.

Leshawn peers in.

On the slide, WE SEE what looks like a mottled gray and red piece of elephant skin. Leshawn zooms in several times until it becomes an intricate latticework of strands.

LESHAWN

It's like some sort of epidermal material, but the fibers are linked so densely. The tensile strength must be off the charts. This was manufactured, right? Some sort of prototype armor, most likely for the military?

DR. EBERHARD

Not exactly.

LESHAWN

This is a biological sample?

DR. EBERHARD

Indeed, Leshawn. We are on the cutting edge of cryptobiology.

LESAHWN

You mean Bigfoot and the venus flytrap and shit?

DR. EBERHARD

Yes, Leshawn, Bigfoot and the venus flytrap and shit.

LESHAWN

Come on, doc, Bigfoot is not real. Just some rednecks embarrassed about getting the clap from a bear.

DR. EBERHARD

Are you telling me the flytrap and it's carnivorous cousins aren't real?

LESAHWN

Did the venus flytrap arrive on Earth via a microbe on a meteorite? Probably. But all that Bigfoot, Loch Ness shit is a hoax.

DR. EBERHARD

And I suppose you don't believe in U.F.O.s, they're just a hoax, too.

LESHAWN

If you're asking if I believe people see things that they can't identify, sure. But that doesn't make them alien spaceships. It's annoying when whackos use U.F.O. to mean flying saucer.

DR. EBERHARD

Do you consider me some sort of
whacko, Leshawn?

LESHAWN

You did just have your ass misquote
Percy Bysshe Shelley at me.

DR. EBERHARD

Then I suppose you believe the
Battle Of North Dakota was a hoax.

LESHAWN

I mean, I wouldn't put it past the
government to pull something like
that just to build a secret
research facility in the mountains.
I saw that episode of The Six
Million Dollar Man.

DR. EBERHARD

I'm not familiar, but I assure you,
it was no hoax.

To demonstrate, Dr. Eberhard hits a few keys on a laptop and
a large wall monitor flashes on.

Leshawn sees a live security camera feed of...

Something is being held in a massive pit, or rather, a steel
reinforced vault that burrows deep into the mountain.

Pylons around the edge of the pit send energy beams at the
thing in the tank.

LESHAWN

Can you zoom in?

Dr. Eberhard taps a key and the image moves in closer.

LESHAWN (CONT'D)

Oh my god. The sample skin, it came
from...

DR. EBERHARD

Yes, it did.

LESHAWN

It's gargantuan. Where is it?

DR. EBERHARD

Right beneath your feet, Leshawn.

Leshawn looks down.

LESHAWN

It's... the battle was real.

DR. EBERHARD

Very real, Leshawn. And it's far from over.

1X09 - "Tynder & The Beast" - by J. Phillip Wilkins

EST. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, MOUNTAIN FACILITY - DAY

A service road winds through a forest, leads up to massive steel doors at the base of a mountain.

The machine gun turret is raised. A massive bird dropping SPLATS! on top, then a rain of shit. The machine gun goes nuts and fires randomly into the sky.

SUPER: Somewhere In North Dakota

INT. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, LEVEL 11 VAULT

Tynder Van Criddle stands on a catwalk that encircles the pit vault. Her hand caresses the gray and red mottled skin of some giant creature.

The skin expands and contracts with each, shallow breath.

TYNDER

So did you hear? I have a new roomie. Her name is Hannah and she's not bad. Her choice in make-up is quite suspect, and when I say suspect, I mean she doesn't really wear any. Maybe a light lipstick, some eyeliner, but barely noticeable. Like, she's not even trying. Be bold, I say. Really go for it. What's the point, otherwise?

The creature breathes deeply, a sonorous SIGH escapes.

TYNDER (CONT'D)
Right? Don't just walk by the MAC counter. Stop and say hello. Have a seat, get a makeover. She came to the remembrance party in a sweatshirt and yoga pants. Can you believe it? Have a little respect for the dead, ya know?

The creature shifts slightly, enough to move the air around her as she calms it with a pat on its skin.

TYNDER (CONT'D)
I know, it wasn't your fault. I won't bring it up again.

She pulls out her phone and brings up a video.

TYNDER (CONT'D)
I thought we'd watch the pilot episode of A Year At The Top. I've been telling you all about it, you probably know it by heart. It still holds up. You may recognize a certain band leader from the David Letterman show.

The creature SNORTS.

TYNDER (CONT'D)
I know, it just wasn't the same without Steve Jordan. I mean, Anton's no slouch, but come on.

The creature SNORTS in agreement.

INT. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, LEVEL 2 SECURITY

Rusty stares at a monitor while Neil writes a report.

A BEEP goes off on Rusty's monitor along with an alert.

NEIL
What's up?

Rusty hits a few keys and the security feed for the Vault Room pops up.

RUSTY
Christ on a snowmobile.

They watch as Tynder strokes the skin of the creature.

NEIL
What's she saying?

Rusty hits a key and un-mutes the audio.

TYNDER
(from speaker)
He played on all those Kiss
records.

The creature stirs, causes an alert to pop up on the security monitor.

TYNDER (CONT'D)
No really, he did. Dynasty,
Unmasked.

Another ripple through the creature's skin. Lights flicker off and on in the security office.

TYNDER (CONT'D)
You might not consider those real
Kiss records.

More alerts pop up on the screen.

RUSTY
Welp, there's the reason for the
power fluctuations. Dammit, Tynder.

NEIL
I think it's Allison.

Rusty grabs a phone and hits a few buttons.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Gimme Telemetry.

He rolls his eyes.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Please gimme Telemetry.

NEIL
A little honey goes a long way.

RUSTY
If I want a bee to shit in my
mouth, I'll let you know.

The phone CLICKS.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

Yeah, who am I speaking to? (BEAT)
Ok, Jerry, I've got alerts from the
Vault popping up all over. (BEAT) I
know the power is fluctuating
again, I can see the lights going
off and on. (BEAT) What do you
mean, I can see exactly why it's
happening. (BEAT) Who forgot to pay
the bill?

Rusty gives Neil a look, then hits the speakerphone button.

JERRY

The electric bill.

Group LAUGHTER comes through the phone.

RUSTY

You're the next Paula Poundstone,
Jerry. A real laugh riot.

Rusty rubs the phone on his crotch.

NEIL

Dude, I use that too.

RUSTY

(into phone)
It has a visitor.

JERRY

No way.

RUSTY

Way.

JERRY

We'd know.

RUSTY

Check the West security feed.

JERRY

Fine, hold on.

The phone is put on hold, a bossa nova version of Def
Leppard's "Photograph" plays.

INT. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, LEVEL 11 VAULT

Tynder finishes a video and puts her phone away.

TYNDER
Greg's finest moment, captured
forever. Kind of like you.

Another tremor from the creature. Dust from the cavern's
ceiling filters down to the catwalk.

TYNDER (CONT'D)
Sorry, pal. I know being cooped up
here sucks, but my daddy needs you.
You're what makes this place go.

Another SIGH.

TYNDER (CONT'D)
You don't belong here. Not in this
place, not in this time.

Tynder looks around.

TYNDER (CONT'D)
I wonder if I could bust you out.
Maybe a road trip to the Grand
Canyon. There's plenty of room for
you to stretch out. Then we could
hit Disneyland. Or Disney World. I
forget which is which. The one in
Florida has good churros.

INT. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, LEVEL 2 SECURITY

Rusty continues to argue on the phone.

RUSTY
Christ on Ridell Two-stripes,
Jerry. She's agitating the dammed
thing.

JERRY
(from speaker)
What do you want me to do about it?
She's the boss' daughter.

RUSTY
You want that som'bitch running
amok? You're Level Nine. That thing
just has to stand up and you're
toast.

Jerry and the others confer in muffled whispers.

JERRY

Can't you send someone? You are security after all.

RUSTY

I'd have to send Z-Squad, and if I do that, there's an inquiry, paperwork, anal probes, and who knows what else.

JERRY

Shit.

More whispers from Jerry and his crew.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What if we sent the new lady?

Neil gives Rusty the "that could work" look.

RUSTY

If you can get her down there, I'll disengage the biometric locks.

JERRY

She doesn't know any better, right? I'll get on it. Over and out.

RUSTY

You don't say over and out on a phone.

No answer, just a CLICK and a dialtone.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

Jagoffs.

1X10 - "Through A Glass, Drunkly" - by J. Phillip Wilkins

EST. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, MOUNTAIN FACILITY - DAY

A service road winds through a forest, leads up to massive steel doors at the base of a mountain.

A technician scrubs graffiti off the machine gun turret.

SUPER: Somewhere In North Dakota

INT. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, HANNAH'S OFFICE

Hannah enters data into her computer.

The phone rings, she hits the speakerphone button and continues working.

HANNAH
This is Hannah.

SALLY
Ms. Berlin?

HANNAH
I'm sorry, Ms. Berlin is out at the moment, this is Ms. Hamburg, is there anything I can do for you?

The phone is muffled on Sally's end, but Hannah can still hear her.

SALLY
Oh dear. Shit shit shit shit.

Hannah barely stifles a giggle.

SALLY (CONT'D)
What to do, what to do.

HANNAH
Sally?

SALLY
Yes, Ms. Hamburg?

HANNAH
I regret to inform you, that I am Ms. Berlin. It was a silly joke.

SALLY
Ah, I see.

Sally muffles the phone.

SALLY (CONT'D)
There you go again, Sally. You're such an idiot. Idiot idiot idiot.

It sounds like Sally is banging the handset on her head.

SALLY (CONT'D)

That's why your boyfriend left you.
You lost all his money to that
Nigerian prince and his anal
bleaching academy. How was I
supposed to know it was a scam? So
stupid. Stupid (WACK!) stupid
(WACK!) stupid (WACK!).

HANNAH

Sally?

SALLY

Oh no. (BEAT) Could you hear that?

HANNAH

Hear what?

SALLY

Oh thank God.

The phone hangs up. Hannah goes back to work.

The phone BLEEPs. Hannah hits the speakerphone button.

HANNAH

Anal Bleaching Academy, we teach
'em, you bleach 'em.

SALLY

Oh no, I thought I deleted your
number.

HANNAH

Sally, it's me.

There's a long pause.

SALLY

This isn't the Anal Bleaching
Academy, is it.

HANNAH

No, Sally, it's still BioLife.

SALLY

Oh Lordy, you must think I'm such a
fool.

HANNAH

Not at all, Sally. Was it something
you needed?

SALLY

Oh right.

The sound of SHUFFLING PAPERS.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Lemme see. Um...

HANNAH

If you need a moment, you can call me back.

SALLY

No, I have it right here. It was something very important.

HANNAH

Yes?

SALLY

Quite urgent, if I remember correctly.

HANNAH

Really? Another cornhole catastrophe?

SALLY

What? Have you heard something?

HANNAH

No, Sally, it was a... nevermind. Did you figure it out?

SALLY

Ah! Here it is.

Silence.

HANNAH

Well?

SALLY

I like to read it to myself before I read it out loud.

Sally mumbles along until she's ready.

SALLY (CONT'D)

It's a request.

HANNAH

For?

SALLY

They want you down on level (GASP!) eleven.

HANNAH

So there *is* a level eleven?

SALLY

Most certainly, and they want you down there.

HANNAH

Why?

SALLY

It doesn't say. Your security clearance has been temporarily upgraded so you can gain access.

HANNAH

Well, I better get going.

SALLY

Ok, good luck.

HANNAH

Thank y-

The phone CLICKS off.

INT. BIOLIFE INTERNATIONAL, LEVEL 11 VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Tynder strokes the creature's skin, tries to calm it.

TYNDER

Easy, pal. You can't get all worked up. Last time, my bottle of vintage L.A. Looks hair gel fell off my vanity and got all over the floor.

A security door opens with a PNEUMATIC HISS. Hannah steps onto the gantry.

HANNAH

Tynder?

TYNDER

Hannah? How did you get down here?

HANNAH

I was sent here. I guess...

And then she notices the creature. It's skin expands with each breath, a weary SIGH and then a SNORT.

Hannah falls back against the railing, stunned.

TYNDER

Don't worry. He's a pussycat.
Right, big guy?

Another SNORT.

HANNAH

It's all real. All of it.

TYNDER

Duh. Didn't you see the movie?

HANNAH

But, that couldn't have been real.

TYNDER

And yet...

She introduces the creature like Vanna White presenting a word clue.

HANNAH

The power fluctuations.

TYNDER

Oopsie, I guess that's my fault.
They keep him sedated most of the
time. But I know exactly when he
has his lucid moments.

Hannah moves closer to Tynder. She looks up but can't get a look at its head, its just too massive.

HANNAH

In the movie, it looked like it had
been disintegrated.

TYNDER

Well, that's what my dad wanted
everyone to think. In fact he was
transported to this vault. They use
his energy to power this facility.

HANNAH

He's a slave?

The creature shifts, SNORTS. More dust from the ceiling.

TYNDER
(whisper)
Don't say the "S" word.

HANNAH
But that's essentially what's going
on here.

TYNDER
Yes, but we still don't say it.

Hannah notices the pylons that emit beams of light have
increased the flow to the creature. It starts to calm down.

TYNDER (CONT'D)
They're putting it back to sleep.
We should head back.

HANNAH
I have so many questions. I mean,
if that film was real, then who
were all those soldiers, their
uniforms, the weapons?

TYNDER
Ah, that. Well, to understand that,
you have to understand that the
reason no one knows about the
Battle of North Dakota...

HANNAH
Yes?

TYNDER
It hasn't happened yet.

HANNAH
What is that supposed to mean?

TYNDER
It hasn't happened yet, or at
least, not in our timeline thingy,
or something. You'll have to ask
Dr. Eberhard, he tried to explain
it to me and it just went WIFF!
right over my head.

HANNAH
The creature, the battle, it
happened in the future?

TYNDER
I think so.

HANNAH

So it wasn't disintegrated. It was transported back in time? Why?

TYNDER

Like I said, ask Dr. Eberhard. Or maybe Professor Biskit knows.

HANNAH

I haven't met him.

TYNDER

Oh yeah, he's kept hidden in the-

The security doors open and a small squad of masked security officers surround the women.

SECURITY GUARD

Time to go, Ms. Criddle, Ms. Berlin.

They hustle them into the elevator. The doors close and they ascend.

A bossa nova version of "Kung Fu Fighting" plays.

TYNDER

Jeez, my dad's gonna be pissed.

HANNAH

Not as pissed as I am. Let's see how my foot fits in his ass.

The security guards giggle until their leader clears his throat.

TYNDER

That's such an Evigan move.

FADE OUT.

END OF SEASON ONE.

CAST:

HANNAH BERLIN: Felicia Day

WALDORF VAN CRIDDLE: Danny Woodburn

TYNDER VAN CRIDDLE: ?????

RUSTY: Toby Huss

NEIL: ?????

TECHNICIAN CLEAVUS: ?????

TECHNICIAN WALLY: ?????

SALLY: ?????

EBERHARD KRIMPE: ?????

LESHAWN DEMURPHY: ?????

TAMARA: ?????

ROCHELLE: ?????

SECURITY GUARD: ?????